

FAMILY GUY

"When You Wish Upon A Weinstein"

Production #2ACX02

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TABLE DRAFT
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"When You Wish Upon A Weinstein"

CAST LIST FOR #2ACX02:

PETER GRIFFIN.....	SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....	ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....	SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN.....	TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....	SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....	SETH MACFARLANE
AL GORE.....	SETH MACFARLANE
BECKER.....	TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
CLEVELAND.....	MIKE HENRY
COP.....	SETH MACFARLANE
COWBOY #1.....	TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
FARRAKHAN.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
GEORGE.....	TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
GEORGE CLOONEY.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
GUARD.....	TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
INSURANCE SALESMAN.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
JERRY.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
LENSMAKER SALESMAN.....	SETH MACFARLANE
MAN #1.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MAN #2.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
MAN MOUNTAIN MIKE.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
MAX.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
MORTY.....	TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
NETWORK PRESIDENT.....	TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
QUAGMIRE.....	SETH MACFARLANE
REFEREE.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
RING ANNOUNCER.....	TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
SALESMAN.....	TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
TED.....	TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
WAITRESS.....	TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
WOODY ALLEN.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
WRESTLING ANNOUNCER.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - SAME

Peter **sings** happily to himself as he sweeps out the garage with a broom.

PETER

Who can turn the world on with her

smile? (CHANGING MELODIES) Shaft!

(CHANGING MELODIES AGAIN) You made me

love you. You woke me up to do it...

Suddenly, Peter drops his broom and winces.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aw, for crying out loud, Chris...

Stop that or you'll go blind!

PAN TO REVEAL CHRIS, huddled low in the corner of the garage, hitting himself in the eyes with a mallet. Peter walks over and grabs the mallet from him.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's wrong, son?

CHRIS

There's this girl I like, but I've

been too chicken to ask her out.

PETER

(FLAPS HIS ARMS) Buckbuckbuckbuck.

CHRIS

I think you're supposed to try and

help me. Not make fun of me.

PETER

Oh, yeah. Right. Have you tried

talkin' to her?

CHRIS

Yeah, lots of times.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PAULINA ORBAS, a beautiful thirteen year old girl, is standing in front of her locker, brushing her hair. Chris approaches her.

CHRIS

Hi, Paulina. You have beautiful
hair. It would be a shame if
anything happened to it.

Paulina looks creeped out and walks quickly away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(SOFTLY) I mean, wanna go to the
dance?

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

CHRIS

Everytime I get close to her, I get
all nervous and sweaty. What's wrong
with me?

PETER

Well... (HELPFUL) Maybe you're just
gay, son. You know, like Al Gore.

CHRIS

Dad, Al Gore isn't gay.

PETER

Oh yeah? Then how come he's always
so stiff around Clinton?

AL GORE walks past the Griffins' garage just as Peter makes that joke.

AL GORE

Hey!

PETER

"Hey" yourself, you phony, full of
hot air Washington politician.

AL GORE

Well I never!

Al Gore leaves in a huff, like Margaret Dumont in a Marx Brothers movie. Peter takes a beer from the garage fridge and sits on a box across from the wall where he left the broom. Chris sits, facing away from the wall.

PETER

Chris, I have a little story I think
will help you with your girl problem.
It was two years ago, and...

We begin a SLOW DISSOLVE.

CHRIS

Two years ago? Wow, Stewie wasn't
even born yet. He won't be in this
story at all.

THE DISSOLVE stops suddenly. Peter stops, glances at the CAMERA out of the corner of his eyes, then turns back to Chris.

PETER

Okay, it was one year ago. It was
the summer you were at sleep-away
camp. Stewie had just been born and
your mom was takin' care of him...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - DAY (A YEAR AGO)

LOIS sits in a rocking chair, nursing a much smaller STEWIE. MEG passes by, drinking a glass of milk. (NOTE: Meg does not wear glasses until indicated in ACT TWO) Stewie looks enviously at her from behind one of Lois' breasts.

STEWIE

Good lord. What I wouldn't give to
consume my milk in that fashion.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter is sitting on the couch, watching TV. BRIAN sits nearby, reading a book.

PETER (V.O.)

I was downstairs watching "Becker"...

INT. BECKER'S OFFICE - DAY (ON TV)

BECKER (TED DANSON) is treating a PATIENT.

BECKER

You know what else I hate?
Christmas. And coupons. And hey,
don't even get me started on the
funky chicken...

You can actually hear the sound of an audience member yawning.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Aw, poor Ted Danson. I was hoping
his new sitcom was gonna be good.
Looks like CBS will have no choice
but to cancel this one, too.

INT. CBS NETWORK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A NETWORK PRESIDENT sits across from Ted Danson.

NETWORK PRESIDENT

Sorry Ted, but due to your new show's
(MAKES QUOTES) "awfulness", we're
going to have to cancel--

Ted Danson pulls a picture out of his wallet.

TED

Here's a picture of you having sex
with an orange.

CLOSE ON a picture of the Network President, with his pants
down, kneeling over an orange.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

The doorbell **rings**. Peter opens the door. There's an OILY
LOOKING SALESMAN standing there, holding a briefcase.

SALESMAN

Hello, sir.

PETER

Enough with the foreplay, sailor.
What are you selling?

SALESMAN

Well, I was gonna try to sell you
some handsome cream, but I can see
you already bought out the store.

PETER

Go on.

SALESMAN

So perhaps you'd be interested in
something every homeowner cannot be
without. Volcano insurance.

Peter looks at him.

PETER

Go on.

INSURANCE SALESMAN

According to my uncle, who's a real
wiz with volcanos, a volcano is
coming this way.

Peter stares at the Salesman for a long beat.

PETER

Come in!

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER (NIGHT)

Peter and the Salesman sit at the kitchen table.

INSURANCE SALESMAN

C'mon, Mr. Griffin. Everyone on your
block has already ordered some. See?

The Salesman opens and closes his briefcase quickly. Peter
whistles, impressed.

PETER

Well, I don't want to be stupid.
How much is this volcano insurance?

INSURANCE SALESMAN

(VERY SURPRISED) Oh, I don't know.
Let's say... two hundred dollars?

PETER

Two hundred dollars? That's more
than I spent on all that handsome
cream. I don't have that kind of
money.

The Salesman points to a glass jar full of money on top of the fridge.

INSURANCE SALESMAN

What about that jar of money?

PETER

Sorry, buddy. That's Lois' rainy day fund.

INSURANCE SALESMAN

Aw c'mon, it never rains in Rhode Island.

PETER

Maybe not, but ya know, I'm pretty sure we've never had a volcano either.

INSURANCE SALESMAN

Well... Don't you think we're overdue for one?

PETER

(NODS, IMPRESSED) Touche, Salesman.

Peter reaches into the money jar, takes out all the money and hands it to the Salesman. The Salesman sprints out the door so fast, he leaves a vapor trail.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

CHRIS

That was a good story, Dad. So, listen, about that girl I like, is it true there's a powder I can put in her drink that'll make her desire me?

PETER

Well, that's more of a question for
your mother, son. But, I'm not done
with my story.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (A YEAR AGO)

Peter, Lois (Stewie once again at her breast) and Brian are
there.

PETER (V.O.)

Everything was fine until a couple of
weeks later...

With all his might, Stewie moves his head away from Lois'
breast. She gently places his head right back.

LOIS

(COOING) Come on, Stewie. Mommy's
milk will make you big and strong.

Stewie glares at her with a milk mustache.

STEWIE

I don't understand. I've been
sucking this bag for weeks. When
will you wither and die?!

Meg enters, in tears.

MEG

My life is over!

PETER

Can I have your liver? (TO LOIS)
Honey, fill the tub with ice.

LOIS

Peter!

MEG

The nurse at school said I need
glasses!

PETER

Aw, what do school nurses know? When
I was younger, one of them tried to
tell me I had Attention Deficit--
Indians call corn "maize".

LOIS

(TO MEG) Don't worry, honey, we'll go
to Lensmakers and get you a fancy
pair.

Lois reaches for the money jar, then sees it's empty.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter, did you take the money from
the family jar?

PETER

(SING-SONG) Who me? (PROUDLY) Yes me!
Could be... (DROPPING SING-SONG)
Yeah, I did it. I bought us volcano
insurance.

LOIS

What?

PETER

Lois, it's for our own good. I mean,
just imagine what would happen if we
were attacked by an angry volcano.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

Peter and Lois lie in bed, reading silently.

PETER

Honey, where's the lava?

WIDEN as Lois looks over at a floe of lava almost
imperceptibly inching its way toward them.

LOIS

(GLANCING OVER INDIFFERENTLY) It's up
to the bureau.

PETER

Oh. You know maybe, in a few years,
we should start to think seriously
about running for our lives.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

I was saving that money for an
emergency. How are we gonna pay for
Meg's glasses?

PETER

Lois, glasses are for boys.

MEG

Lisa Loeb has glasses!

PETER

And her music sucks. Do you want to write songs like Lisa Loeb? Do ya? Huh? 'Cause I'll give you the back of my hand.

LOIS

Peter! I can't believe you squandered that money. I swear, sometimes I feel like I'm married to a child.

PETER

What? That's it! I'm going to Kelsey's for a beer.

LOIS

Kelsey's? That's not a real place. That's the bar in "All in The Family". You can't go there.

PETER

Oh yeah? Watch me!

EXT. CBS TELEVISION CITY STUDIOS - NIGHT

Peter walks up to an abandoned sound stage. He **taps** a nearby SECURITY GUARD on the shoulder.

PETER

Can you tell me where Kelsey's is?

GUARD

Sorry, sir. We took down that set years ago.

PETER

Aw, crap.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter enters. He hears Lois on the phone in the kitchen. He stops and listens.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LOIS

(INTO PHONE) Mother, you know I hate asking for money, but... No, uh, Peter didn't waste money on something foolish again... Don't, say that. He can too provide for his family! Peter may not be the brightest man in the world when it comes to financial matters, but...

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter's eyes widen, embarrassed.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LOIS

No, Mother, I do not think I'd be better off married to a chimp... I don't care how well that chimp across the street is doing. Really? Well, yeah, okay, I guess you can tell him I said "hi"-- Oh my god, what am I saying?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter lowers his head, ashamed.

EXT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter, CLEVELAND, and a bunch of rowdy BAR PATRONS are watching a wrestling match on the big screen TV.

INT. WRESTLING RING - NIGHT (ON TV)

MAN MOUNTAIN MIKE, a gigantic, obnoxious brute is screaming and beating his chest. ANGLE ON a WRESTLING ANNOUNCER.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER

This is outrageous! Man Mountain

Mike is brutalizing his opponent

Generic Bill Jones!

We see GENERIC BILL JONES (his shirt has a bar code symbol with the word "Wrestler" above it). Man Mountain Mike jumps into frame and continues what has obviously been a horrible beating. He grabs Generic Bill Jones and begins twisting him grotesquely.

ANGLE ON the Announcer.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Man Mountain Mike has actually shoved Generic Bill Jones' head so far up his butt that Bill's head is coming out of his own mouth! We can't broadcast this because, well, it's impossible to show A man can't pull his head out of his own mouth, it's a paradox, it can't exist.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

ANGLE ON CLEVELAND and other bar patrons booing Man Mountain Mike. Peter drinks his beer, preoccupied.

PETER

Can you believe Lois? She thinks I
squander money. I do just fine with
money. In fact, this round's on me.

Peter looks inside his wallet. All he sees is a tiny
chirping CRICKET.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh... (POINTS) Look, Cleveland.

There's something black people like.

Cleveland turns to look. Peter grabs Cleveland's wallet off
the table, and is about to open it. Cleveland talks to
Peter, still looking the other way.

CLEVELAND

(CALM) If I hear the sound of velcro,
I will first be hurt, and then be
very angry.

Peter puts Cleveland's wallet down. He sighs.

PETER

Aw, who am I kiddin', Lois is right.
This isn't the first time I've been
stupid with money.

EXT./ESTAB. MOTEL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits on a bed with a coin slot. He drops a quarter in
the slot. The bed begins vibrating.

PETER

Hehehehehe.

The bed stops. Peter puts another quarter in. The bed once
again begins vibrating.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hehehehehe.

The bed stops. Peter pulls a wad of cash from his wallet and shoves it in the slot. The bed begins **vibrating** violently. It breaks loose from the wall and begins **vibrating** around the room, causing wanton destruction.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hehehehehe.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

The vibrating bed, with Peter still upon it, **crashes** through a wall and out into the courtyard. It **vibrates** across the motel swimming pool, then out across a busy street, causing cars to **honk** and swerve to avoid him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hehehehehe.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

The bed **crashes** through the wall and begins **vibrating** around the dining room, causing **screaming** DINERS to scatter for their lives.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hehehehehe.

The bed finally stops **vibrating**.

PETER

(DISAPPOINTED) Aww.

Peter turns to a horrified diner.

PETER (CONT'D)

You got a quarter?

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

QUAGMIRE enters and addresses the entire bar.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, guys and dolls. Drinks are on
do-re-mi. (PULLS OUT WAD OF CASH)
Awwright!

PETER

Wow, look at all that Lorne Green.
Did you pull off a heist, Quagmire?

QUAGMIRE

No, but my lawyer Ian Greenstein did.
Not only did he get that stewardess
to drop the paternity suit, she's
gotta pay me child support for
Quagmire Jr.-- I mean Baby Doe. Oh!

CLEVELAND

Allow me to purchase the drinks,
Quagmire. My accountant, Joshua
Bernstein, just got me a tax return
bigger than Nell Carter's... smile.
(GRINS) You thought I was gonna "go"
somewhere else, didn't you?

PETER

Aw, crap. I don't want to lose Lois
to some suave chimp from her past.
I need a Jew. You think I can borrow
one of yours?

QUAGMIRE

No way, man.

CLEVELAND

Yeah, get your own.

Peter sighs.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

There is only one light on. We PUSH INTO that window to see Peter, looking up at the stars.

PETER

(SINGING) NOTHING ELSE HAS WORKED SO
FAR / SO I'LL WISH UPON A STAR /
WONDROUS DANCING SPECK OF LIGHT / I
NEED A JEW.

The stars in the sky come together to form the star of David. The SCREEN FADES TO WHITE AND WE DISSOLVE TO Peter walking through the streets of Quahog. He approaches a synagogue and peeks inside.

PETER (CONT'D)

LOIS MAKES ME TAKE THE RAP / 'CAUSE
OUR CHECKBOOK LOOKS LIKE CRAP. /
SINCE I CAN'T GIVE HER A SLAP / I
NEED A JEW.

Peter walks up to a restaurant with the sign reading: "Hong Kong Palace." He walks inside and looks around.

PETER (CONT'D)

WHERE TO FIND / A BAUM OR STEEN OR
STYNE, / TO TEACH ME HOW TO WHINE /
AND DO MY TAXES.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

Peter is again sitting in front of the window, gazing up at the stars.

PETER

THOUGH BY MANY, THEY'RE ABHORRED /
HEBREW PEOPLE, I'VE ADORED / EVEN
THOUGH THEY KILLED MY LORD / I NEED
A JEW.

Peter falls asleep in his chair, his head in his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Peter is still asleep in his chair. Suddenly, he's awakened by the sound of some rustling outside.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

It's foggy and spooky. Peter looks around his property. He hears some **footsteps** in the back, by a shed, and cautiously approaches it. He takes a ball out of his pocket and throws it inside. A second later, the ball is thrown back. He throws the ball back in. Again, the ball is thrown back.

Peter takes a quarter out of his pocket and throws it into the shed. He waits for a few seconds. The quarter isn't thrown back.

PETER

(GASPS, THRILLED AND DELIGHTED) A Jew!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GRIFFINS' SHED - NIGHT

Peter walks slowly into the shed, shining a flashlight. He searches for a few seconds, then suddenly comes face to face with MAX WEINSTEIN, a smallish, bespectacled man in his mid-thirties. Peter and Max look at each other for a beat. Then they both **scream** at the top of their lungs, like Elliot and E.T.

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Chris looks at Peter, who is finishing his beer. He gets up and takes another beer from the fridge and **pops** it open.

CHRIS

Dad, as long as this story doesn't
have anything to do with me asking
out a girl, could you at least put
some cowboys in it?

PETER

Well, I guess I can do that.

INT. DELICATESSEN - DAY (A YEAR EARLIER)

Two COWBOYS get up from a table, wiping their mouths.

COWBOY #1

Ye-haw! That's some good pastrami!

He **fires** his six shooters in the air gleefully as the other cowboy lassoes an INDIAN. **FAST PAN OVER** to Peter and Max, who are eating big meat sandwiches.

PETER

That is good pastrami, Mr., uh,
(REACHING) Stein-rosen-gold-cohen-
baum... blatt?

Max hands him a business card.

MAX

Max Weinstein.

PETER

(TO HIMSELF A LA FUNNY GIRL) Max
Weinstein, Max Weinstein, what a
beautiful name...

MAX

I'm a consultant. I guess you can
say I help gentiles in need.

A WAITRESS hands them their check. Max looks it over and
makes "tsk, tsk" noises with his tongue.

PETER

What's wrong, Max Weinstein?

MAX

She charged us five and a quarter for
our sandwiches. It's five and a
quarter for the special, which comes
with a very nice soup and salad.

PETER

Oh well, what are you gonna do?

Peter takes out his wallet. Max puts his hand over it.

MAX

Peter, don't be meshugah! You
shouldn't pay for what you didn't
order.

PETER

(IMPRESSED) You people are more than
just funny. You're wise!

MAX

(SOFTLY) Waitress.

The Waitress immediately walks over to their table.

MAX (CONT'D)

Honey, you're a good girl, and you probably have a lot on your mind, but you made a little mistake.

WAITRESS

I don't make mistakes, sir.

MAX

Everybody makes mistakes, honey.
Even the President. Boy, does he make mistakes. Remember that Monica Lewinsky? (FAKE SNEEZE) Meeskite!

The Waitress laughs, totally charmed by Max.

WAITRESS

Maybe I did make a mistake. (TO
PETER) Your friend is really funny.

She crosses away. Peter looks at Max in total awe.

PETER

Wow! You just jewed her down!

MAX

Peter, that wasn't a very nice thing to say.

PETER

What? I didn't use the "n" word.

MAX

You have much to learn, boychick.
Now enough with the shmoozing. Can
I see your taxes?

PETER

Can you?!

Peter takes out an envelope marked "Tax Returns". Max looks
them over for a beat. A single tear drops from his eye.

MAX

My God.... Who on earth did these for
you?

PETER

I... I've never had anyone to do them
for me.

MAX

Well, you do now.

They share a warm smile. Max holds up his credit card.

MAX (CONT'D)

Gimme the cash. I get miles.

EXT./ESTAB. LENSMAKERS - DAY

INT. LENSMAKERS - SAME

Peter, Meg and Max are looking at glass frames.

MAX

Look at these prices! They should
wear ski masks over their faces for
what they're charging.

Peter laughs.

PETER

Everything you people say is gold!

A LENSMAKER SALESMAN approaches Peter. Max hangs back.

LENSMAKER SALESMAN

Can I help you?

PETER

I'd like some affordable glasses.

LENSMAKER SALESMAN

(LAUGHING) And I'd like to rumba with
Kitty Carlisle, (BECOMING SERIOUS
AGAIN) but this is the real world
where glasses are overpriced and
poorly made. How many you want?

PETER

(PULLS OUT WALLET) How many you got?

MAX

Peter! Wait, wait!

He leans forward and **whispers** into Peter's ear. Peter turns
to the Lensmaker Salesman.

PETER

Uh, I demand to see some reasonably
priced glasses!

The Lensmaker Salesman looks at Peter for a beat.

LENSMAKER SALESMAN

May I see your Jew, please?

Peter indicates Max. The Lensmaker Salesman is suddenly
deferential.

LENSMAKER SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Oh! Right this way, sir.

The Lensmaker Salesman leads Peter to a backroom.

INT. BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Meg and Max enter. They're greeted by MORTY, a balding, middle aged man in a smock

MORTY

Morty Rosenfeld.

MAX

Max Weinstein.

They do a secret handshake. Peter's eyes widen.

MAX (CONT'D)

How's business?

MORTY

Can complain.

They **laugh**, a little. Then:

MAX

This is my friend, Peter Griffin.

MORTY

(WHAT, ARE YOU NUTS?!) 'Griffin'?

MAX

It's okay. He's with me.

PETER

I need a pair of glasses for my daughter, Meg.

MORTY

You came to the right place. I am gonna give you such a deal.

Peter looks at Max, overjoyed. Max just smiles.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Hello, Meg. You're a lovely girl.

Morty pinches her cheek. He turns to Max.

MORTY (CONT'D)

(FAKE SNEEZE, RE: MEG) Meeskite!

Max smiles with a "What are you gonna do?".

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois is nursing Stewie yet again. Stewie looks up at her, his eyes filled with icy hate.

STEWIE

At first I was a tad amused by your
mammarian pathology, but now Madam,
I can no longer consider it good,
clean sport.

Stewie takes a document from his overalls.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

According to my barrister, Lionel
Crenshaw the Third, your bosoms are
hereby prohibited from being less
than one mile from any of my orifices.

Lois calmly returns Stewie to her breasts. Peter and Meg enter from the living room. Meg is wearing glasses. (NOTE: Meg wears glasses for the rest of the episode)

LOIS

(DELIGHTED) Peter! You bought Meg
glasses! (TO MEG) Oh, honey, you look
like a movie star.

PETER

And I got such a deal!

Peter shows Lois a receipt.

PETER (CONT'D)

Not only that, I balanced our
checkbook, too. And did our taxes
for the next three years.

LOIS

(TURNED ON) Oh, Peter!

Peter smiles. Stewie pushes away from Lois' breast. He
points to the other one.

STEWIE

I say, Mother, if you had some Kahlua
in this one, now that'd be something,
wouldn't it.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

EXT. SEINFELD RESTAURANT - DAY (ON TV)

The familiar "Monk's" diner exterior, with Seinfeldian music
over.

INT. SEINFELD RESTAURANT - DAY (ON TV)

Jerry and George are in their booth.

JERRY

So you couldn't date her 'cause she
was a tickler.

GEORGE

A tickler!

JERRY

And you're not a stickler for a
tickler.

GEORGE

Not a stickler for a tickler.

JERRY

Not a tickler stickler.

GEORGE

Not a tickler stickler!

JERRY AND GEORGE

Tickler, tickler, tickler. Stickler,
stickler, stickler--

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Max watches as Brian ~~rips~~ the couch apart, wild-eyed.

BRIAN

Where the hell is the remote?

Peter enters.

MAX

So, everything okay with the wife?

PETER

You bet it is! Just listen!

He pulls Max over to the doorway. Lois is on the phone in
the kitchen.

LOIS

No, Mother, we won't be needing that
money anymore. Because Peter got us
a good deal.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

Right after he balanced our checkbook
and did our taxes... No, Mother, I'm
not high on the smack...

Max and Peter step away from the door.

MAX

Well, my work here is done.

PETER

Thank you, Max. You know, before I
met you, I always thought you people
were obnoxious and unpleasant. But
I was wrong. I was thinking of the
Portuguese.

MAX

(LAUGHS) Peter, you're a pistol.
You, I'm gonna miss.

PETER

Goodbye, Jewish man. Goodbye!

Peter waves, as though Max is going to fade into the
distance. They stand there for a beat.

MAX

I, uh, need a ride.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Max is in the passenger seat. Peter drives. He looks pensive.

MAX

Why the long punim, Peter? You
should be kvelling, your wife is so
proud of you.

PETER

Yeah, well, I've been thinking. You got the deal on the glasses. You did my taxes. It's you Lois is proud of, not me.

MAX

Nu, what's the problem? Goyim have been taking credit for work done by Jews for years.

EXT. OUTDOOR STAGE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

MINISTER FARRAKHAN is on stage, addressing a large crowd.

FARRAKHAN

It is the white devil, the Jew, that has propagated, exacerbated, instigated... instigated... (LOOKS OFFSTAGE) Line!

PAN TO REVEAL WOODY ALLEN standing in the wings.

WOODY ALLEN

(SOTTO, TO FARRAKHAN) "Instigated our hatred like a Buick." (TO HIMSELF) What was I thinking when I took this job? This is so degrading! It's, it's, it's worse than the time I was at the Friar's Club and Soon-Yee's retainer fell out of my pants.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

MAX

Peter, as far as Lois knows, you da
mensch!

PETER

Yeah, but I know the truth...

A siren **blares** right behind Peter's car.

MAX

(CHECKS HIS WATCH) Oy givalt...

PETER

Don't worry. I know how to handle
this.

Peter pulls over. A COP walks up to his window.

COP

Sir, you were going fifty in--

He freezes. **ANGLE ON PETER** -- He holds up his shirt,
exposing one breast.

COP (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to ask you to put your
shirt down, sir.

PETER

(LOWERING HIS SHIRT) Aw crap, I get
the one straight cop in Rhode Island.

COP

You were doing fifty in a thirty-
five. Can I see your driver's
license?

Frazzled, Peter reaches for his wallet, but Max leans over and smiles angelically at the Cop.

MAX

You don't need to see his license.

The Cop looks into Max's eyes for a beat, then looks back at Peter.

COP

(TO PETER) I don't need to see your license.

MAX

He can go about his business.

COP

(TO PETER) You can go about your business.

MAX

Move along.

COP

(TO PETER) Move along. Move along.

The Cop walks away. Peter hits the steering wheel, dejected.

PETER

Aw, crap! No wonder Lois thinks I'm a failure. I can't even talk my way out of a ticket. It was all you and your magical jew powers.

Max looks at him, amused.

MAX

Powers, shmowers. I have chutzpah!
I believe in myself.

PETER

I wish I had chutzpah. (SADLY) But
I'm Catholic.

MUSIC CUE: The slow introduction to Max's song.

MAX

Peter, you don't have to be Jewish to
believe in yourself. But it couldn't
hoit!

Max **snaps** his fingers and suddenly he and Peter appear in:

INT. AN ELEGANT OAK-WALLED ROOM - DAY

Max strolls along a row of elegant paintings. First, he gestures to a painting of MARTIN LUTHER nailing a paper to a church door, then to a painting of the POPE, then to a framed cover of "The Watchtower", depicting a heavenly sky and mountains, with the words "Inside: Get Your Free Chosen Peoples' Club Decoder Ring!", and then to a framed picture of DONNY and MARIE (drawn a la their cartoon show from the '70's).

MAX

(SINGING) THE PROTESTANTS AND
CATHOLICS / CAN KEEP YOU OUT OF HELL
/ THE HINDUS LIVE IN PEACE AND
HARMONY / JEHOVAH AND HIS WITNESSES
ARE SURE TO RING YOUR BELL / AND THE
MORMONS HAVE THE OSMOND FAMILY!

INT. A COURTROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Peter is sitting in a judge's chair. MAX slaps a judge's wig on Peter's head, and kneels before him to plead. He then arises, determined.

MAX

WELL HEAR THEIR CASES IF YOU MUST /
BUT I WILL COUNTER-SUE /

Max reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pinch of glittering gold pixie dust, and tosses it into the air.

MAX (CONT'D)

JUST TAKE A PINCH OF HEBREW DUST /

AND GET YOURSELF A JEW!

It swirls around, transporting him and Peter to:

INT. "BEWITCHED" SET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A flower pot with a few roses in it sits on the coffee table. Peter and Max watch as SAMANTHA enters and twitches her nose, making the flower pot disappear.

MAX

WELL NOW, SAMANTHA USED TO TWITCH HER

NOSE / AND MAKE A POT OF FLOWERS

DISAPPEAR. / NOW, IF A NOSE LIKE THAT

CAN MOVE A ROSE...

EXT. A BEACHFRONT WITH A PIER - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Max and Peter stand on the pier.

MAX

YA FIGURE I CAN MOVE A FREAKIN' PIER.

Max twitches his nose and the pier vanishes. They fall into the water with a **splash**. The water swirls them around, and becomes...

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Peter and Max stand in front of the TV and VCR. Max tinkers with it a bit, then gives up and starts **clicking** the remote.

MAX

NOW, IF YOU CAN'T PROGRAM YOUR VCR /

YOU'LL NEVER GET A LOTTA HELP FROM ME /

Max **clicks** the remote, and the VCR **explodes**. The background morphs into:

INT. NBC EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Max and Peter stand in front of an ABC scheduling lineup board.

MAX

BUT I CAN HELP YOU REACH YOUR LUCKY
STAR / IF YOU WANNA PROGRAM ABC!

Max replaces "The Commish" with "The Knish".

EXT. STREETS OF QUAHOG - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Peter and Max stroll merrily along to the beat as Max gestures to the buildings around them.

MAX

HEY, MR. GRIFFIN, SIR / THIS TOWN IS
GONNA BE /

The background morphs into:

EXT. CAMELOT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Peter is wearing a king's robe. Max puts a crown on his head.

MAX

YOUR CAMELOT 'CAUSE NOW YOU'VE GOT /
A JEWISH FRIEND LIKE ME!

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Peter and Max jump up onto the stage, in front of a packed house.

MAX

NOW, I CAN TEACH YOU HOW TO TELL A
JOKE / AND KEEP A CROWD A-ROLLIN' ON
THE FLOOR /

Max tosses Peter the mic.

PETER

(SPOKEN) Hey, what the hell were they
thinkin' when they made "New Coke"?

(SINGING) AND WHAT'S THE STORY WITH
THAT GAY AL GORE?

AL GORE gets up indignantly from the audience, and walks out.

AL GORE

(SPOKEN) Well, I never!

MAX

(SINGING) HEY, MR. GRIFFIN, SIR /
YOU'RE FINALLY GONNA BE /

The background morphs into:

INT. B'NAI B'RITH HEADQUARTERS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

MAX

IN B'NAI B'RITH / 'CAUSE NOW YOU'RE
WITH A JEWISH FRIEND LIKE ME!

PETER

(SPOKEN) Wow, Maxi! You can teach me
all that stuff?

MAX

(SPOKEN) Peter, you can do anything
you want to if you put your mind to
it!

EXT. A DAREDEVIL STUNT SHOW - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Peter and Max are both on motorcycles, jumping over rows of
cars.

MAX

(SINGING) HAVE YOU EVER DONE THIS?

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Peter and Max are surfing a giant wave.

MAX

HAVE YOU EVER DONE THAT?

EXT. TRACK INFIELD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Max pole vaults over a bar.

MAX

HAVE YOU EVER DONE THIS?

Peter stands and watches.

PETER

I WAS ALWAYS TOO FAAAAAT.

Max gestures for Peter to try it, and Peter takes a flying leap over. He goes tumbling through the air. The sky fades to night...

EXT. SKY WITH FULL MOON - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Peter lands on a flying bicycle. Max is in the basket. We do a brief **musical interlude** with the **E.T. Theme** as they fly past the moon. The background whirls around, the bike vanishes, and they fall slowly.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Peter and Max land on the street and begin walking to the beat.

MAX

HEY, MR. GRIFFIN, SIR / YOU'RE LIVIN'

FANCY-FREE / SO JUMP FOR JOY / YOU

LUCKY GOY / YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD A

JEW, NEVER HAD A JEW /

PETER

I AIN'T NEVER HAD A JEW, NEVER HAD A

JEW /

MAX

NEVER HAD A... JEWISH... FRIEND LIKE
ME!

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

The guys are once again watching the big screen TV.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER

This is incredible! Man Mountain
Mike is opening up his opponent's
brain and eating it with a fork.

Cleveland stands up.

CLEVELAND

Oh, how I wish someone had the
strength and gumption to end Man
Mountain Mike's oppressive reign of
wrestling tyranny.

Peter enters with Max.

PETER

(VERY DRAMATIC) I do!

Everyone starts to laugh hysterically.

QUAGMIRE

You? (WIPE A TEAR FROM HIS EYE)
Peter, you have trouble fighting
gravity. Oh!

Peter looks at him, then starts to sing again.

PETER

(SINGING) THERE'S SIMPLY NOTHING I
CAN NOT DO / 'CAUSE NOW MY BEST
FRIEND, NOW MY BEST FRIEND IS--

MAX

(SINGING) NOW YOUR BEST FRIEND, NOW
YOUR BEST FRIEND IS --

PETER AND MAX

(SINGING) NOW MY /YOUR -- BEST
FRIEND -- IS A JEW!!!

Peter smiles at Max. Max smiles at Peter.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - DAY (THE PRESENT)

Chris and Peter are still there. Peter drops another crushed beer can on to the pile of empties at his feet. He pops open another one. Peter's getting a little drunk.

CHRIS

(AMAZED) Wow, you wrestled Man
Mountain Mike? Oh, so you're saying
I should wrestle Paulina into going
out with me?

PETER

(OPENING A BEER) Ah, youth. You know
son, when I was in high school they
used to call me Mr. Continental,
because I had Russian fingers and
Roman hands. (THEN) Anyway, your
mother wasn't too happy about my big
match...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (A YEAR AGO)

The Griffins (minus Chris) are eating dinner.

LOIS

You're gonna fight who?

MEG

Man Mountain Mike? The wrestler?!

PETER

(SARCASTIC) No, Man Mountain Mike,
the accountant.

INT. H & R BLOCK OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

AN ABSURDLY TALL MAN is crammed uncomfortably into a tiny cubicle, doing paperwork. A COUPLE OF HIS CO-WORKERS walk over, **snickering**.

MAN #1

Hey, Man Mountain Mike, which I call you because you're so big, how are the tax reports coming?

MAN #2

(CRACKING UP) Yeah, how are they coming, Man Mountain Mike?

Man Mountain Mike the accountant lowers his head and starts to cry.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

What are you talking about?! He's a professional wrestler! You are gonna fight him over my dead body.

There's a 1940's film noir-ish musical sting. Peter pulls out a pistol and points it at her.

PETER

Funny. I always thought it would end like this.

Brian gently takes the gun from Peter.

BRIAN

Peter, it's--it's a figure of speech.

PETER

Oh. Look, Lois, I'm telling ya, it's in the bag.

He starts to dial the phone.

LOIS

Who are you calling?

PETER

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Man Mountain
Mike...

LOIS

Peter, are you crazy? It s after
nine o'clock. Hang up the phone!

She tries to grab it from him, but Peter switches hands.

PETER

(INTO PHONE) Is your (STIFLING A
LAUGH) refrigerator running? Well,
go to hell and screw you! By the
way, this is Peter Griffin.

He hangs up. Lois looks horrified.

LOIS

Peter, he's gonna kill you! You've
never wrestled anyone before.

PETER

That s not true. I once beat
Cleveland at arm wrestling.

LOIS

Cleveland is a pudgy deli owner. Man
Mountain Mike is a six foot ten
pile-driving machine who's gone
undefeated for the last five years.

Peter looks at her for a beat, taken aback.

PETER

What the hell are you, a man?

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

The guys in the bar are toasting Peter.

CLEVELAND

Peter, when you step into the ring,

I'd like you to wear this.

Cleveland holds up silk wrestling robe that says, "Before I Died, I Ate At Cleveland's Deli."

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

It was my father's. God rest his
soul.

Quagmire points up at the big screen TV.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, Peter, there's your cake-eater!

INT. WRESTLING RING - NIGHT (ON TV)

Man Mountain Mike's face is right in the CAMERA.

MAN MOUNTAIN MIKE

Peter Griffin, I want you!

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - CONTINUOUS

PETER

(TO SCREEN) Sorry, buddy, I'm married.

Everyone in the bar laughs.

INT. WRESTLING RING - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

MAN MOUNTAIN MIKE

Hey, quit laughing everybody! Now listen up, Griffass. Last night you called me after nine o'clock, and for that, I'm gonna castrate you in the ring. I realize that may not be a logically justifiable exchange, but keep in mind, I'm a psychopath.

Man Mountain Mike pulls out a chunk of his own hair and roars menacingly into the CAMERA.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - CONTINUOUS

Peter shudders a little.

QUAGMIRE

Don't worry, Peter. After you're gone, I'll look after Lois and Meg. Mostly just Lois, at first. And then, gradually, more Meg. And pretty soon, I won't give Lois the time of day. Oh!

PETER

(SHAKES IT OFF) That's sweet, Quagmire, but there's no way I can lose. I've got a Jew in my corner, and nothing bad ever happens to Jews.

Peter turns to Max and smiles. Max pounds the jukebox very gently with his fist and suddenly, "Hava Nagila" starts to play on the jukebox.

EXT./ESTAB. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

Lois, Brian, Meg, and Stewie sit in their ring-side seats.

BRIAN

Well, it's not completely hopeless,
Lois. He's not strong, he's not
quick, but he is very, very fat.

LOIS

I spent the whole afternoon trying to
talk him out of this, but he was too
busy thinking up a cool wrestling
name.

The RING ANNOUNCER stands with the mic.

RING ANNOUNCER

Next up, the main event! Mike "Man
Mountain" Sanchez versus Peter
"Jennifer Love Hewitt" Griffin!

Stewie turns to a TRASHY WHITE FEMALE sitting on the other
side. She smiles at him. Stewie glares at her.

STEWIE

Well, look at you, all gussied up in
a fancy tube top and "violate me"
heels. How exciting this must be for
you, hmmm? Kind of like when after
five anxious days you finally get
your period.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Peter is pacing. Max sits on a chair, legs crossed, very
relaxed, reading a "Psychology Today".

He looks up and smiles at Peter. Peter smiles, then resumes his pacing. The REFEREE enters.

REFEREE

You're on, Mr. Love Hewitt Griffin.

The Referee leaves. Peter takes a deep breath. Max looks down at his watch.

MAX

Oy, look at the time. Peter, it's been a pleasure. Goodbye and good luck.

PETER

What? What? You can't leave me!

MAX

I'm sorry, boychikela. I'm needed elsewhere.

PETER

But I can't do this without you.
You're my Jew!

MAX

Peter, I'm just a man. A man who believes in you. All you have to do is believe in yourself and you can do anything.

Peter looks down, then **sighs**.

PETER

That's easy for you to say, Max.
You're a Jew. Without you, I'm...
just a gentile.

Max looks at him for a beat.

MAX

I'm gonna let you in on a little
secret, Peter. I'm... I'm not really
a Jew.

PETER

What?

MAX

In fact, I'm not even a man.

Max pulls off his suit revealing that he's in fact a woman.

PETER

You're a woman?

MAX

Well, actually, Peter, I'm not really
a woman. I'm a chicken.

Max strips off his human costume to reveal he's a CHICKEN.

PETER

You're a chicken?!

MAX

Well, actually, I'm not really a
chicken. I'm a broom.

Max peels off his chicken suit and we see a BROOM. The broom
falls over.

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Chris looks up, pissed.

CHRIS

Dad! I have a serious problem here!
I don't know how to talk to girls and
you're telling me a story about a gay
broom?

Peter **belches** and drops another empty beer.

PETER

(HAMMERED) Patiensh, Chrish. I'm
just gettin' to the good part!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT (A YEAR AGO)

Peter looks down at the broom, eyes glazed. The door opens.
It's the referee.

REFEREE

Let's go.

Peter **gulps**.

INT. WRESTLING RING - SECONDS LATER

Peter enters the ring. Man Mountain Mike scowls at him.
Peter, not sure exactly what to do, **barks** at him like a dog.
Man Mountain Mike looks around, a little confused.

INT WRESTLING ARENA - CONTINUOUS

LOIS

I can't look.

Meg removes her glasses.

LOIS (CONT'D)

You either, honey?

MEG

(CLUTCHING HER HEAD) No, that gonif
gave me the wrong prescription.

STEWIE

Well, then let me provide you with a running commentary. The virile beast is stalking the fat one... Oooh, he's got him in a spine-snapper!

Well, Vince, it looks as if Man Mountain Mike has opened an industrial sized drum of whoop-ass on the absurdly ill-prepared Peter Griffin, here tonight. You know, that's true, Gene, I think we can count on seeing some bones broken in this one. This, this is going to be one hell of a fight.

INT. WRESTLING RING - CONTINUOUS

Man Mountain Mike does a series of pile-drivers, repeatedly **slamming** Peter hard onto the canvas.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Lois takes her hands from her eyes and sees Peter get tossed into the corner of the ring. She **gasps**, then runs to him.

LOIS

Oh my god, honey, are you okay?

PETER

(IN A DAZE) What did you say, Mr.

Cronkite?

Lois leans over the ropes and embraces Peter.

LOIS

Peter, please. He'll kill you. And,
and... just think what my life would
be like without you.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

Lois is sitting at the dinner table with Brian, Meg, Chris,
Stewie, and her new husband, GEORGE CLOONEY.

GEORGE CLOONEY

Would you care for more wine...

(WINKS) Mrs. Clooney?

LOIS

(SWOONING) Yes, George.

GEORGE CLOONEY

Well, get it yourself, damn it. I'm
a star!

George Clooney **backhands** Lois hard across the face. He
starts to leave, then turns back.

GEORGE CLOONEY (CONT'D)

And get naked. We're having a three-
way with Salma Hayek tonight.

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT (A YEAR AGO)

LOIS

Peter, why are you doing this?

PETER

I'm doing it for Max. Cause...
cause... If there's one thing I
learned from him, it's that scallops
are traife.

LOIS

What does "traife" mean?

PETER

I have no idea. But he's the only one who believed in me. Even when you didn't. And because he believed in me, I believed in myself. But ever since he turned into a broom, I don't know, I'm starting to have my doubts about him. (SPITS OUT A TOOTH AND SIGHS) And about me.

LOIS

Oh, Peter, is that what this is about? I believe in you.

PETER

(LOOKS UP) You do?

LOIS

Of course I do!

PETER

That's all I needed to hear.

Peter gets up, his confidence renewed, and starts for Man Mountain Mike.

LOIS

Kill him, Peter! Rip out his stomach and play it like a bagpipe!

Peter gives Lois a curious look, then walks towards Man Mountain Mike with a look of complete and utter confidence.

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Peter just sips his beer. Chris is on the edge of his seat.

CHRIS

So? What happened?

PETER

Huh? Oh, I beat him.

CHRIS

That's it? "I beat him?" Boy,
you're not exactly Garrison Keillor,
Dad.

PETER

I am too Garrison Keillor! Okay,
son. You want blood and guts?

INT. WRESTLING RING - NIGHT (A YEAR AGO)

The Wrestling Announcer looks on, stunned and horrified.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER

Vince, this is truly a horrific
spectacle. It appears Peter Griffin
has torn Man Mountain Mike's skin
from his body and draped it over his
own skin, and is now parading around
the ring pretending to be Man
Mountain Mike.

ANGLE ON PETER -- doing just this.

PETER

Oooh, I'm Man Mountain Mike! I'm big
and ridiculous!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

My name is alliterative.

INT. GRIFFINS' GARAGE - DAY (THE PRESENT)

CHRIS

Wow, Dad. That was cool... but why
in god's name did you tell me that
story?

PETER

See son, when you truly believe in
yourself, and-- (WINKS AT HIM) When
someone you love believes in you too,
you really can do anything.

CHRIS

Like ask out the girl I like?

PETER

Well, let's not get crazy... oh yeah,
I guess that applies too.

CHRIS

Wow, thanks, Dad! I'm gonna sneak up
on Paulina and ask her out tomorrow!

PETER

That's my boy!

Peter hugs Chris. Over Peter's shoulder, Chris looks up and
notices the wall Peter was facing during the entire episode.

CHRIS' P.O.V. of the wall. The CAMERA PANS its contents, a
la "The Usual Suspects" as snippets of Peter's dialogue echo
in his head: There's a picture of a mountain, a Lensmakers
ad, a poster of the TV show "Becker", a newspaper headline
about a volcano, and a picture of a Jew (Paul Reiser).

Chris pulls back from Peter.

CHRIS

Hey, Dad, was that story really true?

PETER

Of course it was, son.

CHRIS

(SMILING) Thanks, Dad.

He exits into the house. Peter picks up the broom.
Suddenly, we hear "Hava Nagila" play in the background.
Peter dances with the broom.

END OF SHOW